

ORDER TRACKS TAKEN UP

INTERURBAN COMPANY LAID ITS
LINE DOWN AVENUE H IN
COMMERCIAL PLACE WITHOUT
PERMISSION FROM THE COUNTY
COMMISSIONERS.

GIVEN SIXTY DAYS TO ACT

Road is a Free Macadam Thorough-
fare And the Company Has No
Right to Destroy it—Commission-
ers Could Order the Track Torn
Up.

A notice was sent to the Interur-
ban Company this morning by the
County Commissioners ordering the
company to remove its tracks and
poles from Avenue H. in Commer-
cial place within 60 days.

Attention to the fact that the Inter-
urban Company had built its road-
bed and laid its tracks down Avenue
H in Commercial Place without any
permission by the Commissioners
was called to their attention by
owners of lots on the avenue. The
tracks practically destroy the road which
is a free macadam road built by Green-
castle township. The Interurban co.
had no right, whatever, to build their
line on the road without permission
of the Commissioners.

At this morning's session of the
County Commissioners that body or-
dered county attorney, John H. James
to prepare a notice ordering the com-
pany to vacate the road within 60
days and put it in its normal condi-
tion.

It is not known how the Interur-

ban officials will take the order, but
it is probable that they will compro-
mise the matter by buying enough
ground from the lot owners to make
a new road on one side of the tracks.
If the company does not act within
the time set the commissioners could
set men to work to tear up the tracks

AN INTERESTING DEAL

Sale of Property on the North Side
Of the Square Opens Interesting
Possibilities.

The sale by James Randel, today,
of the property occupying the north-
east corner of Franklin and Jackson
streets has started many rumors
afloat. The purchaser was John W.
Thompson, who was recently com-
pelled to close his saloon on North
Jackson street by a decision of the
Supreme Court. What he intends to
do with the property he has not yet
definitely stated, but the universal
guess is that he intends to apply for
a license and to operate his saloon in
the business district. The price paid
was \$2,800.

INTERURBAN RAILWAY SERVICE

Is Scheduled to Begin Without Fail
On June 18, and Will Be Regular-
ly Maintained.

The officials in charge of complet-
ing the Interurban Railroad between
this city and Plainfield give informa-
tion that only unexpected and unfor-
seen hindrances can prevent the com-
pletion of the road so that it can be
regularly operated on and after June
18, on a satisfactory time schedule.
The heavy work is now measurably
completed and only the finishing re-
mains to be done.

Call at Hamilton's Music Store for
a copy of Miss Popularity, a song
written by Greencastle young ladies.

ARMY DESERTER GIVES UP

IRWIN B. COOPRIDER, A MEM-
BER OF THE 11th COAST ARTIL-
LERY TROOP OF DODGING
THE OFFICERS AND SURREN-
DERS TO SHERIFF MAZE.

HIS HOME IS IN CLAY CITY

Left His Company in February And
Has Been in Hiding Ever Since—
Enlisted in Indianapolis And Had
Only Seven Months to Serve.

Tired of hiding from the govern-
ment detectives who have been on
his trail since the middle of Febru-
ary, Irwin B. Coopridier, United
States Army deserter, went to the
Sheriff's residence here Saturday
night and gave himself up to Sheriff
Maze. "I am an army deserter," he
said to the sheriff. "I'm tired of
dodging the officers and want to give
myself up and rid myself of the wor-
ry and strain I have been under for
months." The sheriff locked the man
up.

The deserter was a member of the
11th Reg. Coast Artillery, stationed
at Fort Dale, at the time of his de-
sertion. He enlisted in the service in
Indianapolis, September 13, 1904,
and had only seven months more to
serve when he deserted. He deserted
February 9, 1907. Coopridier for-
merly lived in Clay City, where he
has several relatives. He is a young
man of perhaps 25 years. Sheriff
Maze has communicated with the ar-
my official in Indianapolis and is
awaiting orders for the disposition
of his prisoner.

Well Pleased Audiences.

Rev. Charles A. Wilson, a former
resident of this county, but now a
prominent minister of Chicago, deliv-
ered the graduation address at Pin-
castle on Thursday evening and at
Barnard on Friday evening.

His lectures were along practical
lines and very entertaining. As an
orator he proved himself capable of
holding the undivided attention of
large audiences, and we all join in
extending congratulations and best
wishes to one of our former "boys"
who, through untiring effort and
perseverance, attained such a high
degree of proficiency.

BIG ONE AT LAST

Second Well in Clay County Full of
Oil, And Is Expected to be Best
Yet.

The shooting of the Fox well just
inside of the Clay County line and
about a mile and a half west of Cory
brought in what is believed to be the
best producer yet struck in the Cory
oil field yesterday afternoon.

When the shot was put off, oil was
thrown to a height of about twenty-
five feet above the derrick and the
surrounding territory was spattered
with much dead fluid. After the bal-
ler was lowered several hundred
feet into the oil, and oil men who
were present pronounced it the best
showing that had been made in this
field.

The Fox well is the second well to
be brought in in Clay County. The
McGregor was the first and although
it appeared to be good for a fine flow
of oil, the casing was wrecked and
the well has been closed. The Mc-
Gregor well is southeast of the Vi-
Clay well, while the Fox is northeast
and the much stronger showing of
oil found in the Fox well indicated
what many oil men have claimed all
along that the center of the oil pool
lies northeast of the Vi-Clay field in
the direction of this city.

The bringing of the Good Hope and
the Seigelin wells will now be watch-
ed with interest. The Good Hope is
directly east of Cory while the Seig-
lin well is about six miles due north
of Cory and near the spot which is
supposed to be the center of the pool.
If the Good Hope and Seigelin wells
come in strong producers, as is ex-
pected, there will be a rush of oil
prospectors for the territory lying
east and north of Cory.

WHEAT IMPROVING.

Panic Scare Given Dope This Morn-
ing by Report of Improved Condi-
tion of Wheat Crop in County.

John T. Jones, Jackson Township,
was in town this morning scattering
hope among the depressed ones who
have been looking for a failure of the
wheat crop. Mr. Jones reports that
the continued cool weather has been
just the thing the wheat needed, that
it is heading well in this locality, and
that rain and ordinary weather from
now on will insure a crop quite the
equal of last year's.

Jackson township has a large acre-
age this year, some 1,800 acres as
compared with last year's 800 acres.
A good crop would be a wealth pro-
ducer in that part of the county.

Girl Wanted—Girl wanted to work
in Herald office. Apply at once. tf

HARD ON DIVORCE

Judge Rawley Making it Interesting
For the Clay County Seekers After
Single Blessedness.

We are glad to note the fact that
Judge Rawley is putting a check on
the wholesale granting of divorces
in Clay County, which has given the
county an unsavory reputation in the
past. It is not in what he says, but
in what he has been doing that
makes positive his stand in the mat-
ter. It is no longer an easy mat-
ter to secure a divorce in this coun-
ty, and he is especially active in pro-
viding for the children of the divorc-
ed couples, who in the past have
been the real sufferers. When he
grants a divorce now he makes it a
legal requirement that the father
shall pay a stipulated sum weekly to
the country clerk for the support of
the children. This takes consider-
able of the desire for divorce out of
the applicants.

GIVES HIS ADIEUS

Prof. J. F. Brumbaugh Talks to His
Students—Will be With the Uni-
versity of South Dakota Next Year.

"Well, what do these flowers
mean? I have never received a bou-
quet in my life and don't expect to
get any when I die," said Prof. Jesse
Franklin Brumbaugh, head of the
public speaking department at De-
Pauw, when he walked into his rec-
itation room this morning and found
a large bouquet which had been placed
on his desk by some of the stu-
dents.

When his eye first fell upon the
flowers he paused for a few seconds,
then taking the bouquet waved it over
his head and asked to whom it be-
longed. The students had placed it
there for him in paying their respects
but he didn't seem to understand the
ceremony. Prof. Brumbaugh con-
ducted his last classes at DePauw
this morning, as he has definitely de-
cided to accept a chair in the Uni-
versity of South Dakota next fall.

In each of his classes he made ap-
propriate farewell speeches, but the
tone of each was wishing his students
good luck in passing his finals. "I
am only the recorder, you know,"
said the professor, "and have no
power to give the grades. All I can
do is to credit you for what you
make, and my best wishes are that
you'll all pass. However, that's al-
most too good to be true, and if you
haven't been keeping up well in your
work I feel sorry for you. I have en-
joyed by last term's work with you,
however, and my best wishes are for
your passing the finals."

PLACE A SUN DIAL

Class of 1906 Adds Another Artistic
Feature to Those Adorning East
College Campus.

This morning there was placed,
about half way down the walk lead-
ing from East College to Water
street, a beautiful sun dial, the gift
of the class of 1906. The dial con-
sists of a marble shaft some 15
inches in diameter and three feet
high, upon a cut stone base. Upon
the marble the dial is placed. The
face and arm are of copper, neatly
carved. Below the dial face, upon
the south side of the column, is a
brass plate giving directions for the
reading of the dial at any time of the
year.

BUYS IN TERRE HAUTE

W. P. Ledbetter, Well Known Here,
Formerly Owner of the West Side
Furniture Store, Purchases Busi-
ness in Vigo Capital.

W. P. Ledbetter, for many years
well and most favorably known as
the genial proprietor of the furniture
house of Ledbetter & Company, on
the west side of the square, has re-
cently purchased a controlling inter-
est in the undertaking firm of Isaac
Ball & Company, of Terre Haute.
This is the oldest firm in the state
in this line and has been engaged in
this business for more than fifty
years. Mr. Ledbetter secures a large
part of the stock of the company and
will at once assume the management
of the concern.

It will be remembered that Mr.
Ledbetter disposed of his business
here some two years ago on account
of ill health. His health is now com-
pletely restored, and he is again
ready to take up active business.
While Greencastle regrets very much
to lose a man of the personal worth
and business ability of Mr. Ledbetter
we can only wish him the best of suc-
cess in his new location.

Mr. Ledbetter's family will remain
here for the present, although ulti-
mately they will move to Terre
Haute.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

S. E. Martin to George McKamey,
lot in Cloverdale, \$300.
Ida F. Pritchard to William R.
Buis, lot in Broadpark, \$1.

IS COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT

OSCAR THOMAS ELECTED TO
SUPERVISE THE PUBLIC IN-
STRUCTION OF THE COUNTY
FOR THE COMING FOUR YEARS

A QUESTION OF LEGALITY

Of the Election Was Raised, But
Was Decided in His Favor by State
Superintendent.

A large crowd assembled in the
court room shortly after 10 o'clock
this morning to watch the delibera-
tions of the township trustees met
there to select a county Superinten-
dent. The trustees were called to
order by Chairman Willard Gough,
Franklin township. Mr. Milton
Brown of Monroe, was not present,
however, on vote, action was defer-
red, pending his arrival. After
waiting some time, it was decided to
go on with the election.

Upon resuming business Mr. Gil-
bert Wilson, of Jackson township
nominated Mr. Orville G. Wright,
asking that a man from the northeast
part of the county, a section as yet
unrepresented in such office be elec-
ted. Mr. Charles King of Madison,
placed Oscar Thomas, the present in-
cumbent, in nomination, and Jef-
ferson Rader of Washington, nomi-
nated Philip Hutcheson. On the first ballot
Thomas received seven votes, Wright
four and Hutcheson two. Chairman
Gough at once declared Thomas
elected.

An objection was raised, however,
it being held by some that a major-
ity of all the trustees was necessary
to an election.

Auditor Hurst at once put himself
in communication with State Super-
intendent Cotton, who in turn se-
cured an opinion from the Attorney
General. The decision was that with
a quorum present, a majority vote,
of those voting, constituted a legal bal-
lot, Thomas was therefore declared
legally elected.

In a short and excellent speech he
thanked the trustees and people of
the county for the honor thus again
bestowed upon him.

The office comes to Mr. Thomas as
a reward of merit. His work has
not only been faithful, but full of re-
sults. The schools are in excellent
condition and the people of Putnam
may look forward to four years of
continued excellence.

LETTER FROM BAKER BOYS

Roy McCorkle, Who Will be Taken to
The Penitentiary This Week,
Hears From Men Who Were at the
Scene of the Shooting.

A letter was received by Sheriff
Maze this morning in which was en-
closed a letter to Roy McCorkle from
Jim and John Baker, the negroes
who worked with Roy at the Sims &
Co. camp, and who were arrested in
connection with the murder for
which McCorkle was sentenced to
the penitentiary for life.

After the trial these negroes were
released from custody. They went
to the railroad works, but their jobs
had been filled by other men. They
then left town and went to Farmville
Virginia, where the letter was writ-
ten from. The men in their letter
tell McCorkle to keep up his spirit
and pray and that some time he may
secure his freedom.

ACADEMY BACCALAUREATE

Graduates of the Preparatory School
Listen to a Most Scholarly Ad-
dress at College Avenue Church
Sunday Afternoon.

The large audience that attended
the baccalaureate exercises of the
class of 1907 of the DePauw Acad-
emy at College Avenue Church on
Sunday were abundantly repaid for
their trouble. The music was excel-
lent, and the other services interest-
ing. The climax, however, was the
address by Dr. H. K. Banker, of the
university. It is usual for an au-
dience to be satisfied if the speaker
delivers himself of a multiplicity of
words in a powerful voice. It is
rare, however, on such occasions to
listen to an address so full of
thought, so scholarly. Dr. Banker
took as his theme the Biblical exor-
tation, "Choose ye today whom ye
will serve." His handling of the
theme was logical, forceful and effec-
tive, and the graduating class may
well carry with them much of the
advice given yesterday.

Japanese Lecture.

Navtaso Otsuka, a native of Japan
and a graduate of the University of
Chicago, will give a lecture, illustrat-
ed by stereopticon, at the Christian
Church, on Tuesday evening, at 8 o'-
clock. Mr. Otsuka will appear in na-
tive costume, and will speak of mis-
sion work on the island, and general
conditions in Japan. Admission will
be free.

Family Reunion.

Saturday, June 1, the family of
Recorder H. C. Blue, consisting of
six daughters and two sons was
brought together, owing to the gra-
duation of the younger son from the
High School. This was the first time
in many years that all the members
of the family had been together. As
all were present, late in the forenoon
they gathered at the studio and had
their pictures taken. The rest of
the day was spent in a pleasant and
enjoyable manner.

WERE MAKING MUCH NOISE

Two Men And Some Beer Caused
So Much Commotion at the Old
Public Spring That The Police
Were Called to Quiet Them—Fin-
ed in Police Court.

Drinking beer at the public spring
at the foot of Water Street caused
some trouble for Charley Sims and
Harry Wilson, a traveling tailor, Sun-
day night. The men were before the
Mayor this morning and fined on the
charge of profanity.

Persons who live in the neighbor-
hood of the spring telephoned for the
police at near 10 o'clock last night.
They complained that the men were
swearing and causing much distur-
bance. Marshal Reeves and Police-
man Soper were the arresting offi-
cers. Sims went to the stone pile, but
Wilson, on a partial payment of his
fine and his promise to be good here-
after was turned loose.

For Sale—Two go-carts. See Mrs.
T. C. Grooms. tf54

THE 68TH COMMENCEMENT

DePAUW UNIVERSITY, GREEN-
CASTLE, INDIANA, THUS CELE-
BRATES THE 70th ANNIVER-
SARY OF ITS FOUNDATION.

PROGRAM OF THE EXERCISES

Beginning on Saturday, June 1 And
Ending on Wednesday, June 12,
1907.

Saturday, June 1.
8:00 p. m. Principal's Reception to
the Graduates and Students of the
Academy.

Sunday June 2.
Academy Baccalaureate Sermon.
Tuesday to Saturday, June 4 to 8
8:30 a. m. to 4 p. m. Ter mExami-
nations.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and
Thursday, June 3 to 6.
7:30 p. m. Term Recitals of the
School of Music.

Friday, June 7.
8:00 p. m. Graduation Exercises of
the Academy.

Saturday, June 8.
3:00 p. m. Final Inter-Fraternity
Baseball game.

7:30 p. m. Public Recitals of the
School of Music.

Sunday June 9, Baccalaureate Day
9:00 a. m. Annual Class Meeting,
led by Dr. Swahlen.

10:30 a. m. Baccalaureate Ser-
mon by President Hughes.

7:30 p. m. University Sermon by
the Rev. David George Downey, D. D.

(Continued on Page Four.)

JONES' Wall Paper Bargains

Our annual Clearance Sale of Wall Paper
begins Monday, June 3rd.

We are selling 7c and 7½c papers at 6c;
8c papers at 6½c; 10c papers at 8c; 12½c papers
at 10c; 15c papers at 12c, etc.

If you wish to save money and buy Wall
Paper at low prices, call at

JONES' DRUG STORE



It is surprising that so many men
are willing to wear cotton-mixed clothes when
they can get all wool; but it's more surprising that any-
body is willing to pay all-wool prices for cotton.

You know that wool is very high priced; all-
wool clothes cost more than part cotton; if you
want all-wool clothes, you must pay the price.
You understand that. But don't pay the price, and
not get the stuff.

You want all-wool clothes and we're sure of it;
they wear so much better, keep shape better and
have so much more style than the cotton-adulterat-
ed goods, that you'll find them economical, even at
their higher price.

We have Hart Schaffner & Marx all-wool cloth-
es to show you; you'll never see any better.

Suits \$15.00 to \$25.00

The Model Clothing Co.

THE DEBT

By CHARLES EDMOND WALK

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

As silent, and as awesome in her silence, as a sphinx, sat Sibyl Clayton, alone with her dead husband. Hours had passed since she had dismissed the few kindly-intentioned neighbors whose services she did not want, and during those hours not a muscle of her tall, slender figure had moved, not a change had passed over the beautiful, pallid face.

For Sibyl Clayton was thinking not so much of her husband's death as the manner of it, and she was praying with an intensity of fervor that was fast consuming her vitality, praying, pleading, offering her soul in exchange for means of avenging that death. It had required 12 years to do it, but here, at last, Philip Clayton lay dead, and to her tortured spirit his murderer seemed as far above any earthly punishment as the very stars.

Was it really so many years ago that she had considered herself the happiest girl in all the world, only to learn that she knew not what happiness was until Phil Clayton came wooing? It seemed but yesterday, and yet the 12 years were like unto as many centuries of torture and agony. For a serpent entered her paradise. Neil Black had loved her, too, however—so vehemently and selfishly that he had devoted his life to revenging himself upon the successful rival. The words of his threat still rang in Sibyl Clayton's ears. He had spoken with a deadly quiet that made her turn swiftly to shield her lover with her own body; but Neil Black had merely laughed at her, and as he laughed she had shivered.

"Mark me well, Clayton"—the words now started out from the tumult of her brain with the suddenness of a cry—"you have taken from me the one thing I have desired above the whole world. You know I am ambitious for wealth and power; that I crave the good things of life and enjoy them; that I have won everything upon which I have set my heart. I would toss them all away for that woman—aye, even my life in exchange for a year with her, with or without her love—and do you think that I will stand idly by and see her plucked from me?" And here again he had laughed that terrible laugh. "You were born with wealth, Clayton; so was she. But I fought a bitter fight for mine, and I mean to be cheated of nothing."

"Now hear me: I am going to devote every minute of my life to make of yours a blackened wilderness—to change the sweet fruit of your love to ashes upon your lips; I am going to pit my strength against yours—my wealth, my brain, against your wealth and your brain—until you curse the day that you were born." Then he had bowed low and left them.

And how well had Neil Black succeeded! Every undertaking of her husband's had brought him only loss. He had not been a man to shrink from such a challenge—nay, he had even laughed at it; but the time soon came when he had to buckle on his armor in grim earnest, only to behold lance after lance broken against the impregnable front of his enemy, while that enemy's web encompassed him closer and closer with the passing years. One night Philip and Sibyl Clayton looked into each other's eyes and silently read therein the ruin that was theirs.

But that was not all. As the Clayton fortunes dwindled, as each succeeding enterprise met failure and disaster, Neil Black had waxed and grown greater until he was a man to be reckoned with in the world. He held many invisible but powerful strings in his hands, and at the end of each was a puppet that danced to his master's pull. Some of the puppets were in humble walks of life, some in high; some were among great corporations, and a few even on the bench. They numbered legislators and senators, ward-healers and mayors, but one and all danced obediently when he pulled the strings. And so, with a bit of artful preparation, the aligning of a few innocent appearing circumstances, it had been an easy matter to fasten a crime upon Philip Clayton and break his proud spirit. He had been humbled to the dust, his heart broken.

Such was the past that Sibyl Clayton looked back upon as she sat alone with her dead husband. What of the future?

Phil Clayton was buried, and the widow's fierce prayers went up unceasingly to whatever power of darkness she had come to look for aid in her revenge.

One day on a little table beside her lay an open letter, at which she glanced from time to time, as if turning its contents over and over in her mind. It was a proposal of marriage from Neil Black. Its reception had occasioned her no shock; the instant she had comprehended its import her

mind had clutched at it as a possible means to her desire, but as yet she had found no light. She patiently sought to adapt it to every embryonic scheme that tried to shape itself in her thoughts; and one day she rose up and went forth to seek the man of her hatred.

There could be no doubt—he still loved her, if such a passion could be termed love. Her hatred was such that she could accept his wooing without a tremor of repugnance, sitting calmly by and reading him coldly, considering carefully his every word and every movement.

Sitting and brooding in the shabby parlor one afternoon, Sibyl fell into a slumber; but even then she was conscious of praying, praying, praying that the way to vengeance be shown her. And as she slept, suddenly there came to her a vision.

First, the long, waving locks of her hair became unbound and fell about her, a matchless mantle of gold, to the floor; then, one by one, her garments dissolved away, and her body, like a flawless image of marble, gleamed in the dim light. She knew that her eyes were shut and that she was incapable of any sound or motion, yet it was as if she were awake and another individual watching all these strange things happen to herself. After awhile a vague, black figure began to take shape before her. Its head—if it possessed one—was shrouded in a sable robe, that hid every outline; but she was conscious of a powerful personality, calmly, quietly regarding her, and, too, it seemed weighed down with an infinite sadness. Presently a hand stretched forth and touched her above the heart and she shrank back with a shriek. The touch burned her flesh like hot iron. Then she awoke, to find herself clothed, although her beautiful hair was really unbound, and the spot above her heart still burned. As she essayed to rise, she fell fainting to the floor.

When consciousness came again to Sibyl Clayton she knew that she was a sick woman. It was an effort for her to make her way to the old family physician—a specialist of renown—but she was driven on by desperation. Was revenge to be taken from her before she had even planned a single blow?

She showed him the spot above her heart—where a steel finger had touched her—and in solemn tones the great physician pronounced her doom. In a week Sibyl Clayton and Neil Black were married. The months sped, and people remarked that they were happy, but that Sibyl was wonderfully changed. Except for the unnatural thread of scarlet marking her lips her face was as pallid as a lily, and her sapphire eyes still glowed like two stars. Every morning, while her husband slept, she bared his breast and searched it with the fierce hunger of a wolf.

One morning she found what she sought, and silently she fell forward and buried her teeth in his throat.

With a curse he threw her from him and, half awake, sprang from the bed. She laughed and wiped the blood from her lips.

"God, woman!" he cried, catching the light in her eyes, "are you mad?" She studied him a moment as he stood clawing at his throat, and then pointed to a chair.

"Sit there," she said, quietly, "and see if you can find any comfort in the thought of my being mad—after you have heard what I have to say."

She lay her head bare before him, while he sat helpless and fascinated; the deadly hatred for him that burned there, and told of the vision.

"See, Neil Black—here is the spot upon my breast; look at your own. Think of the good things of this life and what they mean to you, and then look into the future and behold how hideous a specter stares you in the face. Neil Black, you cursed leper!—my husband, my lover, is avenged!"

With a sudden movement she put a hand to her mouth, and he heard the crunching of glass between her teeth. The man was helpless to move. He could only sit horrified, staring at her with glassy eyes, and in a moment a little cry escaped her and she sank motionless to the floor.

But the man, from that instant, lost the nerve to follow the example set by her. He could only live on and on in the hell she had made for him.

Easy.

"Why do you want a divorce?" asked the judge. "Does your husband beat you?"

"No; but he's always complaining that I'm not as good a housekeeper as his first wife was, and it was her cooking that gave him dyspepsia."

"You win."—Chicago Record-Herald.

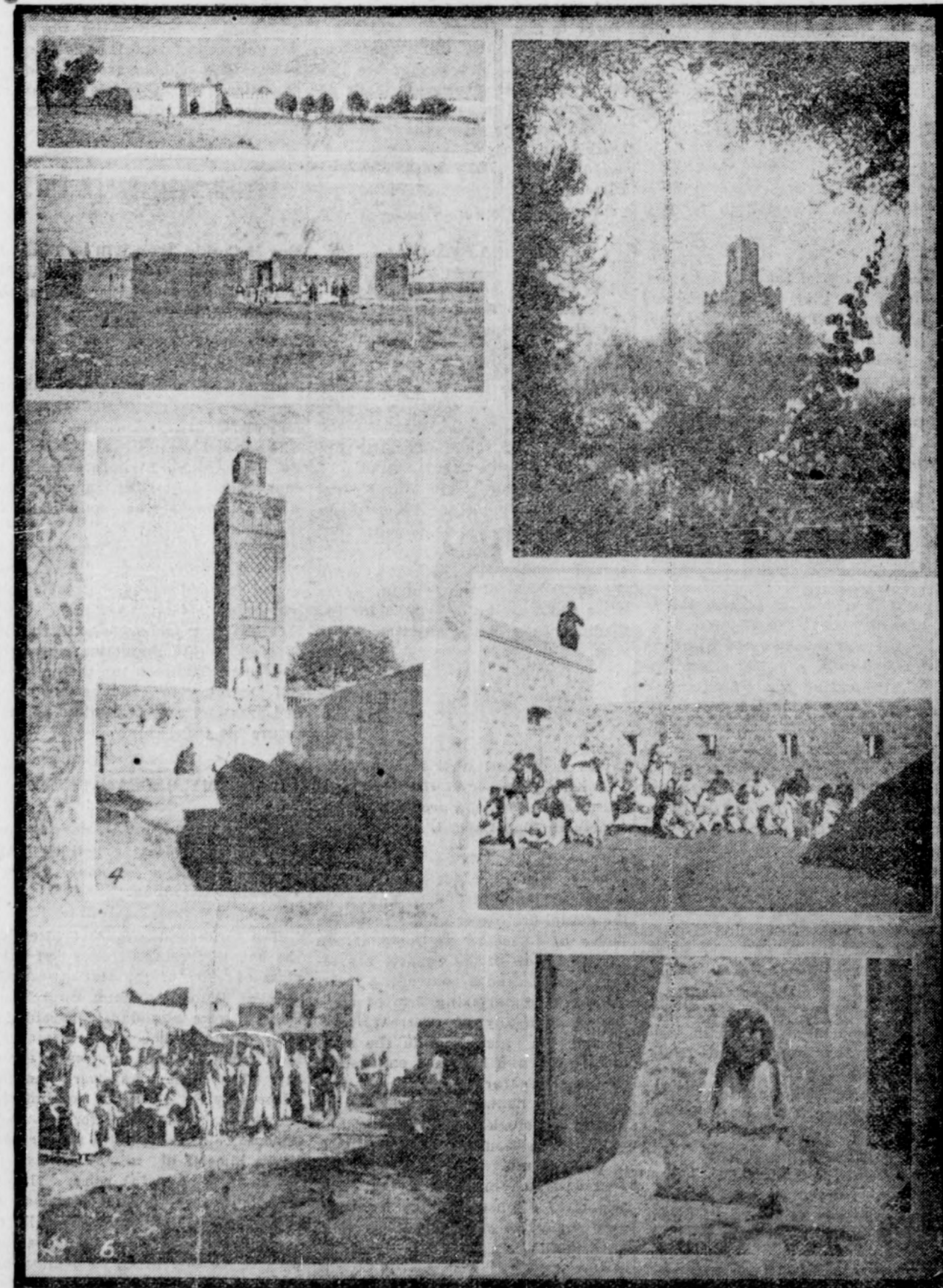
A Strange Contest: Jumping on Skins for Prizes in Bulgaria



(Drawn by H. W. Koekoek.)

At peasant festivals in Bulgaria the men jump on inflated buckskins. The object is to continue jumping until the hide bursts. The jumper who can burst the skin receives it as his prize. The contest is exceedingly amusing, and the competitors are encouraged in their efforts by a delighted crowd.

Oujda, Occupied by France for a Frenchman's Murder



1. The west port of Oujda; the objective of the French punitive force.
2. A beautiful minaret among the trees of Oujda.
3. On the frontier of Oujda: the point from which the French soldiers started to occupy the town.
4. The mosque at Oujda.
5. A corner of the French barracks on the frontier near Oujda; the base of the expeditionary force.
6. Street scenes in Oujda, on the Algerian frontier.
7. A young Moorish girl of Oujda.

Dr. Mauchamp, a French physician resident in Marrakesh, has been murdered by a mob, and a French expeditionary force is on its way to occupy Oujda, on the Moorish-Algerian frontier. The place is very difficult to attack, for it is completely surrounded with an embattled wall from eighteen to twenty feet high, encircled by a wide and deep moat. There are only two gates. Large olive gardens surrounded by stone walls form a ring a thousand yards deep around the town, and these afford a very ready means of defense. London Illustrated News

One Man's Wisdom.

Green—I have often wondered why you always get your clothes on the installment plan when you are in a position to pay cash for them.

Brown—Oh, there is method in my madness. The installment people make it a point to give me stuff that will last until the installments are all paid.

Bright Office Boy.

"Did you tell that awful bore who called that I had gone to New York?"

"Yes, sir," said the new office boy, "I told him you had started this morning."

"Good boy! What did he say?"

"He wished to know when you'd return, sir, and I told him I did not think you would be back until after lunch."

Mary's Innocence.

The Maid—What is the trouble, ma'am?

Proud Mistress—Oh, Mary, I have just discovered there is a stain on our family escutcheon.

The Maid—I wouldn't take it so hard, mum. If you can't get it out with a little benzine, I will take it around to the cleaner's, mum.

THE BETTER CHOICE

By C. V. Gregory

"I heard some good news to-day, Nancy," he said, leaning forward expectantly. She raised her eyes questioningly.

"Father's bought a farm in Dakota," he went on, "and he wants me to go out there and run it for him next year." He paused, but she did not reply.

"Well?" he asked at length. "It will be a very good chance for you."

"And you?"

"I'm getting on very well teaching school."

"But I don't want you to teach school, Nancy," he pleaded. "Think how much nicer it would be to have a little home of our own."

"I don't want a home of my own," she replied, turning her head away.

"Have you forgotten your promise?" he asked, a note of mingled pain and surprise in his voice. "You told me once you loved me." There were tears in her eyes as she looked at him imploringly.

"I know I promised, Jimmie," she said, "but I was young then and scarcely realized what it meant."

"But, Nancy—"

She checked him with an appealing gesture. "I don't love you, Jimmie. I've tried and tried, but I can't. I don't believe I ever did." Mechanically she drew off her ring and held it out toward him. He made no move to take it, but rose abruptly and walked over to the window. For a long time he stood there, gazing at the whirling snowflakes outside, and when he finally turned and came back his face was so changed that the girl in the big armchair hardly recognized him.

He came and stood in front of her chair, steadying himself a moment before he spoke. "Think of these four years, Nancy," he said. "These four happy years, and that one particular evening long ago when we were out on the lake and the moonlight turned the waves to rippling silver. Oh, I was happy then. It all seemed too good to be true. To think that you, the dearest girl in all the world, had promised to be mine and only mine. It seemed like a glorious dream. Yes, it was a dream, and I am just beginning to wake." His voice broke and he buried his face in his hands.

"Don't, Jimmie, please don't," she sobbed. "Don't you see that I can't help it? You'll find some girl out there, Jimmie, a nicer and a truer girl than I am."

"I never want to see another girl," he replied. "Good-by, Nancy, I hope you'll be happy."

In a moment he was gone out into the storm and darkness with an awful loneliness freezing his very soul, and back in the house a fair-haired girl leaned her head on the arm of the old chair and sobbed herself to sleep.

Slowly the weeks passed away. The bleak winter with its sleet and snow had gone, and the beautiful summer flowers were fading out by one to make room for the gorgeous colors of autumn. Nancy had been attending summer school and was coming home again—home to the little white schoolhouse, and the dear, exasperating children. Somehow the thought of it did not awaken any of the old enthusiasm. She used to think she loved to teach, but now—well, she was almost afraid she was beginning to hate it. She kept thinking of him and remembering his many little acts of kindness. How good he had been and how many!

There was a sharp shriek of the whistle and the passengers were nearly thrown from their seats as the air-brakes were suddenly thrown on. Then there came a crash, and outside the cries of excited men mingled with the hiss of escaping steam. The passengers hurriedly climbed out and ran forward. A stock train had broken a truck and in stopping to repair it had neglected to put out signals to warn other trains that might be approaching. The caboose was a total wreck and the passenger engine badly damaged. The train crew, with the help of some of the passengers, set to work at once to remove the wreckage. Before they had gone far they came upon a body of a man, crushed and bleeding, but still alive. Carefully they cut away the timbers that held him, and carried him out and laid him on the grass. A well meaning old gentleman attempted to lead Nancy away from the gruesome sight, but too late. She had recognized the blood-stained features, and with a frightened sob she sprang forward.

"Jimmie!" she cried, as all unmindful of the wondering crowd she knelt beside him and threw her arms about his neck. "Jimmie, don't you know me?" Slowly the eyes opened and the lips parted in a wavering smile. Tenderly she bent over and kissed them. "I love you, Jimmie," she whispered. "I'm just beginning to realize how much I do love you. You're not going to die, are you, Jimmie? You'll live for me, won't you?"

His bruised face seemed almost transfigured with happiness as he nodded a silent assent. And he did live, though the doctors gave him up more than once. But Nancy's loving care was rewarded at last and he began to improve slowly, though it was months before he was entirely well. Nancy never went back to teaching school, but if you should ever happen to go out to a certain part of South Dakota you would find her and Jimmie in one of the coziest, happiest homes in the whole state.

Believe in Wandering Jew. The belief in the Wandering Jew is still held in France among the peasantry of Brittany and Picardy. When a violent windstorm comes on they make the sign of the cross as they say "The Wandering Jew is passing by!" ("C'est le juif errant qui passe!")

A claim for £184,000 against the ex-Empress Eugenie for a loan granted to her husband in 1855 is about to be heard in the French courts. Is there any statute of limitations over there?

There is a difficult matter to escape sorrow; every day brings some new cause of anxiety.—Polybius.

THINGS NOT TO FEAR.

Don't be afraid to think before you act.

Don't be afraid to make your goods known.

Don't be afraid to tell the truth. It is a part of your honor.

Don't be afraid of experience. He is the best teacher.

Don't be afraid to admit when you are in the wrong.

Don't be afraid of pleasure. It is necessary for good work.

Don't be afraid to risk. The great successes are born of chance.

Don't be afraid of imitators. Originality always bears a trade mark.

Don't be afraid to fight against odds. Most things worth having are hard to get.

Don't be afraid of censure. We all need tending down as well as tending up.

Don't be afraid to use your time to advantage. It is given you for that purpose.

Don't be afraid of rivals. Things may be crowded below, but there is always room on top.

Don't be afraid to be polite at all times and under all circumstances. It is no disgrace to be called a gentleman.

INVENTED BY WOMEN.

Self-heating flatiron.

Musical skipping rope.

Machine to hang wallpaper.

Luggage carrier for bicycles.

Never-sticking window sash.

Collar and necktie combined.

Egg cup adjustable to any size egg.

Refrigerator with revolving shelves.

Holder to regulate position of ears.

Combination lantern and dinner pail.

Implement to hold green corn while eating.

Portable balcony attachable to any house.

Pocket curling tongs with heater and fuel.

Combined doorplate and card receiver.

Steel clamp to make finger ends taper shape.

Fireproof suit of clothes of woven asbestos cloth stitched with asbestos thread.

THOUGHTS FROM EMERSON.

Do not make life hard to any.

The pest of society is egotism.

Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices.

God enters by a private door into every individual.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.

There is no beautifier of complexion, of form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.

Do not waste your life in doubts and fears; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half-possession.

PROVERBS.

Arrogance is the obstruction of wisdom.

Better are small fish than an empty dish.

At the gate where suspicion enters love goes out.

Every man kens best where his own shoe pinches.

Chains of gold are stronger than chains of iron.

He is a worthless being who lives only for himself.

Beware of enemies reconciled and meat twice boiled.

Aye be merry as ye can, for love never delights in a sorrowful man.

PROVERBS AND PHRASES.

It is not possible for men to be perfectly blessed and happy, except a few.—Plato.

The secret of two is God's secret; the secret of three is everybody's secret.—French.

The worship most acceptable to God comes from a cheerful and thankful heart.—Plutarch.

A bag full of flour and a purse full of money are the best relations in the world.—Rumanian.

It is a difficult matter to escape sorrow; every day brings some new cause of anxiety.—Polybius.

A LADY OF FORTUNE.

For many years the sturdy brown hands of Victorine Ducette had been available whenever an extra pair was needed, and the village housewives had learned to depend mightily on the occasional services of the loyal, hard-working French Canadian. But one day even Victorine failed them, as the doctor's wife discovered when help was needed for the spring cleaning.

"I am overwhelped with 'er sorry," said Victorine, drawing herself up proudly, "but I mus' refuse dose job of madame."

"But, Victorine, you always have helped me—and nobody can wash woodwork as beautifully as you can."

"That ees last mont'; eet ees now this mont', madame," returned Victorine, with a comprehensive gesture that relegated her past to the dark ages and likewise called attention to her spotless apron.

"Behol', now I am lady. I 'ave fortune."

"Mon oncle she 'ave proceed to die

hon Wisconsin—I ham sole heir of dose oncle.

"Me, I mak no more dose crub hon de floor, dose wash hon de tub, dose polish hon doorknob, dose houseclean hon top som house. Hall day, wile dose money last, me, I ham seet hon top ma front window, keed glove hon ma two hand, an' regard wit' pity dose poor worp-people, w'at go by."

"How much did your uncle leave you, Victorine?"

"Cinquante—feifty dollaire, madame," returned the sole heir, with pride.

"Ah!" returned the doctor's astute wife, hopefully. "Well, perhaps I'd better postpone my spring cleaning until fall."—Youth's Companion.

Bad Dream.

"How did the Chinese get their idea of a dragon as their national emblem?"

"I don't know," answered the unscientific person; "but I probably had its origin in the opium habit."

A REVERSED ELOPEMENT

By GEORGE HIBBARD

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As if floating down through the still air from some gray tower, the hour of five was sounding from the cathedral chimneys of the big clock on the stairs; but already, on the short December day, the darkness had fallen. All the people staying in the big country house were gathered in the hall, where the fire burned riotously on the hearth. The oldest granddaughter sat beside the tea-table, and about her, on the arms of chairs, on window ledges and even on the floor, loitered, lurked and reclined the rest of the party.

"But I have told you so often," said the nice old lady, as she glanced at the group before her.

"And it was so long ago," she urged, "I don't care," said the youngest granddaughter, who was sitting almost at her feet; "I love those dear old times, when everything was so picturesque and romantic."

"Yes," said the nice old lady, thoughtfully, "I did elope." Then she laughed. "It was a curious elopement. I don't believe there was ever one quite like it before or that there has been since. A reversed elopement. That is what I call it, my dear."

"Tell us," urged one of the young men, earnestly.

"Well," began grandmother, "when I told my papa of my engagement he was very angry."

"Engaged!" he cried, angrily. "Married! Never!"

"Of course," I answered, dutifully, "I should not think of doing it without your consent."

"Then this marriage will never take place."

"I smiled at him."

"How can it?" he asked, defiantly.

"Because you will consent, because I'll make you," I answered, confidently.

"You'll see this time," he replied, with conviction.

"You'll see," I answered, just as confidently.

"You promise," he said, "that you will not marry this man without my approval?"

"Yes," I answered, promptly.

"He nodded in a way that I did not understand."

"Alec and I had arranged that the



"We Are Going to Be Married at Once."

next morning he should make the formal request for my hand. You may imagine my surprise when a note, addressed in papa's handwriting, was given to me as I came downstairs.

"My dear," the note ran, "I find that I am unexpectedly compelled to go to town, and take the next steamer sailing. You need not feel the least anxiety because of my sudden departure, and you must remember your promise. Lovingly, Your Father."

"Oh, the dear old fox! Oh, the darling coward!" I exclaimed. But I was not at all pleased with him then for running away.

"Indeed I was very angry. I saw just how he had caught me, for he knew, of course, that I wouldn't break a promise when once I had given it. He knew that I could twist him round my finger if I could reach him. Now he had slipped out of my hands altogether. Oh, I was furious! When Alec came down, I laid the case before him in indignant tones."

"Of course, we can wait," I concluded, doubtfully.

"Not at all," he said, in a tone that made me jump. "We are going to be married at once."

"But my promise," I gasped.

He frowned.

"Of course, you must keep it."

I nodded.

"You're sure that you can make your father give in, if you can talk to him?"

"Absolutely."

"Then we'll find him, and you'll make him consent."

"But he's gone!" I cried. "He's going to sail to-day!"

"He's only been gone a few minutes," Alec replied. "We can catch him at the station. The train may be a little late, for it is often late. There's an automobile all ready at the door."

"Oh, one of those dear, rumbling bumbling old automobiles!" interrupted one of the grandchildren, clasping her hands, ecstatically.

"We reached the station platform just in time to see the train disappearing down the tracks, and out of sight round a curve. We stood there, indignant and helpless. Alec was the first to recover himself."

"When is the next train?" he demanded of the station man.

"Not till 12:45," answered the man.

"I must be in town before that," answered Alec.

"The trolley'll take you almost as soon as the train," the station man answered.

"As the man spoke we heard the going of a trolley car. In a moment the car was in sight up the road. Alec took my hand, and we ran. It was an elopement. Breathless, we reached a

point where we could signal the trolleyman to stop.

"Well, we finally reached Brooklyn, crossed on the ferry and arrived on the dock just in time to see the 'Erthania,' on which father was, steaming out of the harbor."

"We stood there looking at each other, when suddenly a voice cried: 'Hello!' almost at my elbow."

"In a moment Alec's hand was being wrung by a man whom I had never seen."

"Glad to meet you, Charton, old man!" Alec cried. Then he quickly told him our story.

"I've got the 'Velox' at the next pier," Mr. Rogers said. "She's all steam up. I was just off to see a yacht race. Having a race of our own will be faster than watching one. She's the fastest thing afloat. We'll catch the 'Erthania.' Come!"

"How we rushed through the little waves! But she didn't go fast enough for me. And Alec walked up and down more and more restlessly as the time went on. We were under way and off from the pier in no time, and before I knew it we were far down the harbor. The crew had discovered at once that something unusual was going on, and every man was on deck or in the rigging. I saw Mr. Rogers' face grow longer, and I understood that he was losing hope. He held constant consultation with his captain, who constantly shook his head."

"I say," said Mr. Rogers, suddenly wheeling round on us, "all you want to do is to get a word with the old gentleman?"

"If I could only speak with papa a few words I am sure I would be all right," I answered, fervently.

"Well," said Mr. Rogers, "we've the wireless telegraph. We might reach him that way."

"Of course I had heard of wireless telegraphy, which was just beginning then, but I didn't understand it; and, like a great many others, in my heart I didn't really believe in it."

"I stood in the doorway of the cabin. I had not the slightest confidence in what they were trying to do. It all seemed to me to be too wonderful to be true. I waited unbelievably while they ticked away into space."

"That wonderful!" again interrupted the youngest granddaughter. "Oh, poor, dear, unsophisticated granny! Did you really think telegraphing from one ship to another not 20 miles apart was wonderful?"

"We did think it wonderful," her grandmother replied. "Suddenly I heard the instruments begin to tick-tack. There was a shout."

"It's our signal," exclaimed Mr. Rogers.

"They wish to know what we want," the operator reported.

"Say that Mr. Manton Lloyd is on board the 'Erthania,' and that his daughter—no, some one on important business wishes to communicate with him."

"The instruments clacked busily. 'Mr. Lloyd is there, and asks what is wanted of him.'"

"Alec called me."

"Your father is here," he said, solemnly, though we were just out of the harbor, with no sign of papa in sight of course. "What can you say to him now to make him change his mind?"

"Say," I began, nervously and all in a jumble, "I want my promise back. That Alec Forbes and I have eloped, and that I am firm in my determination. That I will not yield, and that he must in the end, and had better give in now."

"Wait!" interrupted the operator. "They are asking something. They wish to learn the gentleman's name."

"Mr. Forbes, Mr. Algernon Forbes," I replied in surprise.

"Tell him—" I began again.

"The operator held up his hand. 'They are sending a message,' he said."

"This is the message we received: 'Why didn't you let me know? I thought that it was the other man. You made everybody think so. Of course, Forbes is all right.'"

"Oh!" I gasped. "He didn't see that it was you all the time!"

"I don't very well see how he could," Alec answered, crossly; "I didn't."

"And I never thought to tell him," I moaned, "for I never thought of anyone but you for an instant, and I had nothing but you in my mind."

"And he has sailed for Europe to escape," Alec continued, grimly.

"So he has," I replied, blankly. "Poor papa! And yet it's funny—I turned to the operator. 'But please tell him now that I am very sorry.'"

"There is a message," the man announced, and he wrote it out slowly, as the instrument ticked on.

"This was the message: 'Think I have got the worst of it. I'll be back with a wedding present. Bless you, my children, bless you.'"

"And that was the end of my elopement," continued the nice old lady. "Mr. Rogers took us directly back to the city, and Alec and I were married at once with him for best man."

"Those funny old times!" mused the youngest granddaughter. "How different they were."

Science at School.

The education of our young in science at school is another phase of the future of our race, for the seed is more readily sown, and has a better chance of bringing forth much goodly intellectual fruit when it falls on the fertile mental field of youth than when it finds before it an older soil, already much occupied with worldly affairs.—London News.

A Correct Ideal.

A young man should go to college to learn citizenship in the broadest sense of the term. And he should not only learn what it is, but should learn to practice it. Failing this, he has practically proved himself a fizzle, however brilliant or sensational his achievements may be in football or Greek.—N. Y. Tribune.

His First Thought.

Three catfish came through a hydrant at the Junction yesterday. The mayor of the Junction, with true fisherman's instinct, probably, says they weighed three pounds each.—Toronto News.

King's Cap of Coral.

The king of Benin wears a cap made of coral beads, with a tassel of large beads at one side.

NEW WOMAN IN TURKEY WANTS FREEDOM AND UNLIMITED HUSBANDS

Story of a Woman Who Forced Her Husband to Take Second Wife Because She Loved Him.

By PERCY LINDON-HOWARD.

When Demetra Vaka Brown first told me of the great happiness of the women of the Turkish harem, in their belief that man was made for many wives, she spoke casually of the "new woman" of Turkey, and at once the conviction came that therein might be found the keynote to the true conditions existing under the flag of the "Sick Man of Europe." For the existence of the new woman can carry with it but one thought—the existence of discontent. It seemed certain that inquiry must reveal the secret misery and longing of a veritable multitude whose hearts are sore and wounded and whose lives are blasted by this pernicious social custom of the Turk. Surely human nature could not be so widely different in parts of the earth; surely, despite environment, despite the growth of a belief accepted as a matter of course and implanted generations and generations ago, there still must exist in Turkey women who are moved by the same passions, the same love as their American and English sisters. It could not be that the sting of jealousy is utterly unrooted, that the desire for sole possession of a single love is utterly unrooted. For there must be young women and old women and pretty women and homely women, and women that be good by nature and those that be bad from choice.

It seems incredible that a husband's love could be equally divided between four wives. One at least must find the greater favor—and that this should not bring about misery and a longing for a happier life appeared utterly preposterous.

Some idea of Mrs. Brown's right to a hearing on this subject of Turkey may be gathered first from the following facts:

First, she comes from an old Greek family. Then she was born in Turkey on the largest island of the Propontis. Her entire childhood was passed in Turkey, where she had many friends among the Turkish girls, and saw much of the life of the harem. Moreover, her mingling was among the best and most intellectual class, her father being in the government employ. Her first visit to America was at the age of eighteen, when she sought the "land of the free" to escape the necessity of a distasteful marriage. Mrs. Brown has just returned from visiting Turkey whose familiar domestic customs she observed with new eyes in the light of her American experience.

The charming conversationalist had scarcely finished her explanation of the extreme happiness of the wives of the harem, when I questioned her about the "new woman" development.

"Tell me now of this new woman," I said, "for the spirit of reform, so-called or real, must have appeared in Turkey."

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "there is a 'new woman,' and she is just as foolish in Turkey as she is in America. First, she is the child of the French yellow backed novel. She will tell you she longs for freedom, that she threshes out her soul as a bird beats its wings against the bars of its cage. But her ideas of freedom are comical. Her freedom is something entirely different from the freedom as it is known in America. She wishes to be like the European women; and in the same breath she will tell you no European woman is good, as the Turks understand goodness. 'Ah,' said one to me, 'Why shall I not be free in America? Then I can find a husband in the park. I shall walk much. I shall choose a very handsome man, too, and then I shall go along further and the freedom of travel.' When I explained that American women would

choose another. Think of the beautiful husband one might have if she had not allowed to have more than one husband—that is, one at a time—she said that seemed very silly. Yet this woman was quite intellectual, and her 'new' idea of freedom did not seem to shock her sense of refinement in the least."

"You see, there is a tremendous simplicity of nature to be considered. The Turkish women are just like children, considering them in connection with moral viciousness, as we understand it. The Turkish 'new woman' cannot see why a woman is not justified in having four husbands when a man is justified in having four wives. The justification of the man is never questioned. Her Turkish sister of the old school explains in vain that Allah has not so intended—that man and woman are differently constituted. The thought of bringing into the world a large number of children is not shocking to her. On the contrary, to be a mother is the supreme happiness, and she cannot seem to conceive that children cannot be disposed of in America, just as they are in Turkey. Surely, she thinks if they cannot be sold into slavery, then the state will make an allowance for them."

"I continued the conversation with this young girl just to gather her viewpoint. When I told her the state in America never takes charge of children and that parents have to accept this financial and moral responsibility of their rearing, that this is regarded as a private and not a government affair, she said, 'Oh, dear! What a wicked government!'—and then, as if a sudden inspiration burst upon her—'But all this will be changed, won't it, because you elect your own government, don't you, and they will put a new ruler in power?' I told her that the American men had no idea of changing their laws in this respect, and this seemed to delight her greatly. It came

within hailing distance of her new found hobby: 'I see,' she said. 'And that is why the American women want to vote! Isn't that noble—and they

literature of their own. Many of them are clever writers. They don't jam their heads full of Henry Jameses and Laura Jessenses, of course, but really they are not to be blamed for that. The European literature shocks them. They can see nothing but wickedness in the American women—for, they say, does she not force all sorts of vice by refusing her lord to obey the will of Allah. She wants her husband to love her and her home, yet she drives him to desertion and deceit.'"

"The seemingly logical arguments and the wonderful views of the 'new woman' of Turkey show clearly what an amazing influence environment and custom have on life. The new Turkish man is totally different. He is nothing more than the Turk of depravity. He has discarded his religion and he finds his delight in parading French and other women of lax character in public, much to the general disgust. He is generally shunned. And usually he dies quickly. Drink kills him. The Turk is not used to alcohol. Allah forbids it. Alcohol is rarely seen in Turkey, and when the Turk becomes a 'New Turk' and runs to license—he gets crazy and dies. The Turk brought to manhood in the faith of his fathers and then 'reformed' is doomed more surely than the murderer in his cell."

"But the heart aches, the lost, sickening pain of love that is lost, that must be felt at least in some instances," I said, "what of these?"

"Let me tell you," said Mrs. Brown, "of my first visit to the harem after my return to Constantinople, where I found that two of my girl friends had married the same husband—Nassarah and Tsakran. They were beautiful girls, natural comedians, intellectual,

will vote soon, I know. Then all this wickedness will be swept away. You cannot keep advanced ideas down in America, I fancy, any more than you can in Turkey."

"But, Mrs. Brown," I said, "is not this the reasoning of ignorance, and surely ignorance is not happiness?"

"I suppose it is," was the reply, "but it is not the ignorance you mean. It is an ignorance of the manners, customs and viewpoint of America, but see how little you know of the manners, customs and viewpoint of Turkey." And then she laughed, a rippling, silvery laugh that smacked of merriment rather than mockery while she gave me time to "think it over."

"Some of the most refined women of Turkey are not educated perhaps in the American sense," continued Mrs.

and of the best families. I found them extremely happy in their new condition, far happier in fact than when I had left them, for they had accomplished the one great ambition of the followers of Allah—both were mothers. My welcome was warm and sincere. Yet I had hardly removed the dust of travel and enjoyed the luxury of a bath before Nassarah said to me with the usual Turkish candor: 'Silver cloud of the sky we are so happy to see you, but you have changed so much; your face is not as beautiful as it was; the cruel people you have been with must have caused you much agony of mind. You do not smile as you once did—and see we are so happy.'"

"Tell me," I said, "how you came to marry the same husband?" Both girls

for they were little more than girls—began to laugh.

"Tell her, Nassarah," said Tsakran, "tell her." And then little Nassarah began, after the manner of the Turks, in beginning to relate a story. The beginning of the tale—good evening, most honorable company. When I married Hilmi Pasha I was so much in love with him I was nearly a lunatic with delight and happiness. I could not sleep, but just lay there, and watched him while he slept, and—"

"Here the other wife broke in the narrative. 'You must see him,' she said. 'He is an ideal lover, so tall, so handsome, blue eyes, and how he walks, so—' and she began to stalk across the room after the manner of her lord and master. Nassarah grabbed her quickly and sat her on a cushioned divan. 'Keep quiet,' she said. 'This is my story.' Then the girls giggled for a moment, when Nassarah continued. 'Soon my other little girl came,' she went on, 'and I suffered greatly. The doctor said I should not have any more children. And I had no boy for Hilmi Pasha. It was then I thought of a plan. Tsakran came to see me. She was young, beautiful and ready to marry. She knew how noble and good Hilmi was. So we laid our plan. That night I put my arms around my lord's neck and told him he must marry Tsakran. At first he thought, and then I told him he must not think at all about it. Tsakran has brought us two sons, and Hilmi is just as happy as we are.' Both women laughed with delight."

"What is done," I said, in cases of infidelity? Does the law punish?"

"No. Such cases are very rare. When they do happen—with an expensive shrug of the shoulders—"the result usually is a little poison in the tea. Sometimes the man disappears, sometimes the woman, sometimes both."

"And is there no investigation?"

"None. You see, the law requires immediate burial. There is no official reports of deaths, and never is there any inquiry into the private affairs of the household. But you see there are so few opportunities for intrigue. Perhaps the practice of part of the Turkish system would be disastrous. But in its entirety it seems to produce a very happy people. The Turkish husband is always a lover. He is always courting. He does not spend all of his time with one wife. And somehow or other, love seems to last longer than it does under the European system. I have told you before, however, I do not endorse or condemn. I simply relate facts and results."

Great Stunt by Geronimo.

In a single day Geronimo, when in his prime, ran forty miles on foot, rode 500 miles on one stretch, as fast as he could change horses, and so completely wore out the column which finally captured him that three sets of officers were needed to finish the chase, and not more than one-third of the troopers who started were in at the finish.

Wrinkled and crafty and cruel is his swarthy face to-day, but the fire of his infernal energy has died and he is no more than a relic of the Geronimo of whom Gen. Miles said after their first meeting.

"He rode into our camp and dismounted, a prisoner. He was one of the brightest, most resolute, determined men I ever met, with the sharpest clearest dark eye. Every movement showed power and energy."

Remarkable Will Proviso.

There is a remarkable proviso to a bequest by the late Harry Cowen Coley of Bishop's Stortford. Money is conditionally left to the Royal National Liffboat station, but the deceased's wife or any child of his "shall be at liberty to enter upon, row, or sail in the said boat at any time when she is afloat, be the weather fair or foul, so long as they do so or their presence shall not hinder the life-saving efforts of the crew."

Diplomatic Miss Root.

Miss Edith Root, daughter of Secretary of State Elihu Root, is as diplomatic and unassuming as her brilliant father and one of the most popular girls in Washington society. Miss Root accompanies her father on his trips, and wins the esteem of even the most dignified ministers by her intimate knowledge of statecraft and her modest way of revealing it.

It's hard on the aeronaut when he takes a drop too much.

will vote soon, I know. Then all this wickedness will be swept away. You cannot keep advanced ideas down in America, I fancy, any more than you can in Turkey."

"But, Mrs. Brown," I said, "is not this the reasoning of ignorance, and surely ignorance is not happiness?"

"I suppose it is," was the reply, "but it is not the ignorance you mean. It is an ignorance of the manners, customs and viewpoint of America, but see how little you know of the manners, customs and viewpoint of Turkey." And then she laughed, a rippling, silvery laugh that smacked of merriment rather than mockery while she gave me time to "think it over."

"Some of the most refined women of Turkey are not educated perhaps in the American sense," continued Mrs.

and of the best families. I found them extremely happy in their new condition, far happier in fact than when I had left them, for they had accomplished the one great ambition of the followers of Allah—both were mothers. My welcome was warm and sincere. Yet I had hardly removed the dust of travel and enjoyed the luxury of a bath before Nassarah said to me with the usual Turkish candor: 'Silver cloud of the sky we are so happy to see you, but you have changed so much; your face is not as beautiful as it was; the cruel people you have been with must have caused you much agony of mind. You do not smile as you once did—and see we are so happy.'"

"Tell me," I said, "how you came to marry the same husband?" Both girls

for they were little more than girls—began to laugh.

"Tell her, Nassarah," said Tsakran, "tell her." And then little Nassarah began, after the manner of the Turks, in beginning to relate a story. The beginning of the tale—good evening, most honorable company. When I married Hilmi Pasha I was so much in love with him I was nearly a lunatic with delight and happiness. I could not sleep, but just lay there, and watched him while he slept, and—"

"Here the other wife broke in the narrative. 'You must see him,' she said. 'He is an ideal lover, so tall, so handsome, blue eyes, and how he walks, so—' and she began to stalk across the room after the manner of her lord and master. Nassarah grabbed her quickly and sat her on a cushioned divan. 'Keep quiet,' she said. 'This is my story.' Then the girls giggled for a moment, when Nassarah continued. 'Soon my other little girl came,' she went on, 'and I suffered greatly. The doctor said I should not have any more children. And I had no boy for Hilmi Pasha. It was then I thought of a plan. Tsakran came to see me. She was young, beautiful and ready to marry. She knew how noble and good Hilmi was. So we laid our plan. That night I put my arms around my lord's neck and told him he must marry Tsakran. At first he thought, and then I told him he must not think at all about it. Tsakran has brought us two sons, and Hilmi is just as happy as we are.' Both women laughed with delight."

"What is done," I said, in cases of infidelity? Does the law punish?"

"No. Such cases are very rare. When they do happen—with an expensive shrug of the shoulders—"the result usually is a little poison in the tea. Sometimes the man disappears, sometimes the woman, sometimes both."

"And is there no investigation?"

"None. You see, the law requires immediate burial. There is no official reports of deaths, and never is there any inquiry into the private affairs of the household. But you see there are so few opportunities for intrigue. Perhaps the practice of part of the Turkish system would be disastrous. But in its entirety it seems to produce a very happy people. The Turkish husband is always a lover. He is always courting. He does not spend all of his time with one wife. And somehow or other, love seems to last longer than it does under the European system. I have told you before, however, I do not endorse or condemn. I simply relate facts and results."

Great Stunt by Geronimo.

In a single day Geronimo, when in his prime, ran forty miles on foot, rode 500 miles on one stretch, as fast as he could change horses, and so completely wore out the column which finally captured him that three sets of officers were needed to finish the chase, and not more than one-third of the troopers who started were in at the finish.

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Speaking of Men's Birthdays.

She—Candles are far from obsolete. Despite the general use of petroleum, gas, and electricity, the production of candles in the United States during 1906 amounted to \$3,889,362.

He—Why, of course, men's birthdays demand an increased number of candles every year.—Yonkers Statesman.

Pekin's Fine Library.

The "Han Library" at Pekin contains the works of several thousand authors on philosophy; of several thousand on mathematics; of many hundreds on war; of hundreds on medicine; of more than 1,000 poets. The library was founded some 2,000 years ago.

Tennyson's "airy navies, battling in the central blue," have not yet arrived, but Emperor William seems to be anticipating them by making his army take a floating balloon as a practice target.

will vote soon, I know. Then all this wickedness will be swept away. You cannot keep advanced ideas down in America, I fancy, any more than you can in Turkey."

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL HAPPENINGS

What Greencastle People and Their Friends Are Doing

Mrs. George Davidson is quite ill. John T. Jones is here from Jackson township.

Township Trustees Hood of Cloverdale, is in the city today.

Mrs. Harry Goldberg is quite sick at her home of Bloomington street.

H. C. Darnall, of Muncie, visited his mother, Mrs. J. F. Darnall, on Sunday.

Will M. Houck returned from a business trip to Abbeville, Louisiana on Sunday.

Cashier Cline of the Roachdale Bank, made a business visit to Greencastle today.

Cliff Morris arrived here from Chicago, yesterday, called by the serious illness of his brother Harris.

Miss Myrtle Blue has returned from Hazel Dell, Ill., after a successful season in the millinery line.

Henry S. Renick returned from Texas yesterday, where he had been for several weeks looking after his farm interests.

Harris Morris, who is ill at the home of his mother in this city, seems to be failing in strength and is considered in a critical condition.

Miss Lucy Allen, daughter of H. C. Allen, came home on Saturday to spend the summer with her parents. Miss Allen has had the mathematics department of the Junction City high school, Junction City, Kansas.

The Foreign Missionary Society of College Avenue Church will meet with Mrs. Albert Burnside at 2:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Walker, the society's missionary to China, will have a paper. A special invitation is extended to all the members of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hazelett returned the last of the week from Chicago where they had gone to meet their son, Earle, who was in that city, having just returned from the far East, where he was engaged laborers for the Harriman Mexico Railroads.

Intoxication was the charge upon which Pete O'Hagen, Edward Leitner and John Rhine were before the Mayor this morning. All pleaded guilty and were fined the customary \$11. Each went to the stone pile to serve out his sentence. All were arrested Saturday night. They are railroad laborers.

W. M. O'Brien, Jr., a son of W. M. O'Brien, chairman of the State Democratic Committee, for several years, is here visiting college friends. Young O'Brien attended the university here last year, but this year attended a naval academy preparatory school. He will enter the Annapolis Naval Academy next year.

Mrs. S. C. Prevost, who came from Chicago to attend the High School graduating exercises, left today for home. She was accompanied by her son Edgar, who has been here in high school this year. He was a member of the graduating class. Mrs. Prevost was a dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Lane yesterday.

LOW RATES

Via the

BIGFOURROUTE

TO

LOS ANGELES AND RETURN

Tickets on sale June 11, 12, 13 and 14.

JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

Daily to Nov. 30, 1907. Excursion tickets on sale every Tuesday. Write for Rates and Folders.

BOSTON AND RETURN

Tickets on sale July 8, 9, 10, 25, 26, 27, 28, 1907.

WINONA LAKE, INDIANA

Tickets on sale until September 30th, 1907.

SARATOGA, N. Y.

and return, July 8, 4, 5, 6, 7.

CHAUTAUQUE LAKE, IN. Y.

and return, on sale July 2 and 25.

PHILADELPHIA, and return, July 12, 13, 14.

ATLANTIC CITY, and return, July 1, 2, 3.

SEATTLE, WASH., and return, July 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

SPokane, WASH., and return, June 27, 28, 29, 30, July 1.

SAGINAW, MICH., Aug. 19 to 24 inclusive, 1907.

For information apply nearest Big Four Agent or H. J. Rhein, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O. P. O. 14-B

Evans Brothers' MOVING PICTURES

The Burglar and His Race for Bed

The Two Sisters [Pathe's Latest]

NEW SONG—Sweet Adeline

Evans Bros. Moving Picture Show

OVER RED CROSS DRUG STORE. Admission 10 Cents

IN JUDGING A BANK

Always remember that it is Capital and Surplus that gives Security to the depositors.

The Central National Bank

IS A

United States Depository

CAPITAL - \$100,000.00 | SURPLUS - \$100,000.00

We are conservative, yet progressive and accommodating, and appreciate our customers.

R. L. O'HAIR, President

J. L. RANDEL, Cashier

Make a Noise Like Summertime

Come in and select a hammock from our new assortment. We have them in large variety of color and price to suit the purchaser. Come today and get first choice.

DAVID E. BADGER
FRANK E. GREEN

West Side Drug Store

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY NOTES

Mary Houghton of Vincennes came Saturday to visit Theta.

Barnes of Bluffton visited over Sunday with Phi Gamma Delta.

Sigma Nu entertains formally tonight at their chapter house on Seminary.

Clara Hatfield of Indianapolis returned last night after a visit with Helen Gough at the Alpha Phi house.

Roy Davidson and Alfred Evans of Indianapolis, Ralph Bridges of Plainfield and Rev. and Mrs. Dunlavy of Danville, are here for the Sigma Nu party tonight.

Georgia Brower and Helen Lacy of Ohio Wesleyan, who have been visiting Elizabeth Zimmerman for the past week returned home yesterday.

Kappa visitors over Sunday numbered Naoma Gregg of Kokomo, Lucile Garrison of Knightstown, Adelaide Smith of Noblesville, Mabel Elmer of Hartford City and Elma Wheeler of Noblesville.

The old members of the inter-society Panhellenic Association met Saturday afternoon and planned the work for next year. The exact sentiment of each sorority was to be secured Saturday night and with the new representatives meeting tomorrow a definite set of rules may soon be expected.

The State tennis tournament is slated for Thursday and Friday, June 6 and 7 on the Butler College Courts at Irvington. The representatives from nearly every school are new, the old stars of Butler and Hanover having graduated. With the fast team of Fairfield and Whitcomb on the same side of the net chances for a good showing from DePauw are excellent.

CELEBRATE 9TH ANNIVERSARY

The Twentieth Century Club has Delightful Indoor Picnic at the Home of Mrs. Bittles An Original Program.

The Twentieth Century Club celebrated their ninth anniversary Saturday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Bittles. A porch party had been planned, with picnic supper, but owing to the cold the beautiful home was thrown open, with bright fire on the grate and a delightful indoor picnic, was the result. No special program has been arranged, but each guest was asked to give an original verse on June, the sentiment seemed to be that "June was out of Tune". The company was invited to the dining room, where the table fairly groaned, with the load of good things upon it, each one was invited to help himself in true picnic style. At a late hour the guests departed thanking the club ladies for a delightfully informal time.

Clyde Martin, who attended Yale this year, is home for a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin. He studied Forestry while in Yale and for the past few weeks has been with his class in Southern Missouri, where the members have been doing practical work. Mr. Martin will go to a large western lumber camp later in the summer to accept a position.

John L. Bridges of Franklin township, ex-County Commissioner, was here today.

Boys Wanted—Boys to carry Herald wanted. Apply at once at Herald office.

Mrs. Ellen Stone went to Louisville, Ky., yesterday to visit Henry L. Stone and family.

Use in the Herald.

You get results when you advertise.

TO THE PUBLIC

We desire at this time to thank our many friends and customers for their past patronage. In the many years that we have been in the coal business in Greencastle we have at all time endeavored to give our customers the full worth of their money in both weights and quality. That we have succeeded in this, is evident by our steadily increasing business.

Just now we are upon the eve of making extensive additions in our business by the establishment of yards on the Vandalla railway that will give us greatly increased facilities for handling all kinds of coal.

We ask a continuance of the public's patronage and guarantee the same courtesy and fair dealing that we have given in the past. We have increased our trade so far this year ten cars over last year's business.

JOHN RILEY & CO.

WEDDED FOR FIFTY YEARS

Natives of Putnam County Celebrate Their Golden Wedding in Joyous Manner.

The Free Press, published at Corning, Iowa, gives the following in regard to the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Homan:

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Homan celebrated their golden wedding at their home six miles north of Corning on Tuesday, May 28. The event had been postponed a week in order to secure the attendance of all the children. Jesse Homan and Elizabeth Wilson were both born in Putnam County, Indiana, and were married in the same county May 21, 1857. He is now in his 72nd year and she is in her 69th year. Their first daughter, Mrs. Alma Mary Wagener, was born in Indiana and also Eugenia who died several years ago. In 1862 Mr. and Mrs. Homan moved to Iowa and to Adams County in 1863. They have since made their home on the old homestead where six other children have been born to them, all of whom are living except a daughter Carrie who died several years since. With the exception of Mrs. F. W. Homan all of the children were present. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Van Wagener and Misses Gertrude and Lucy Homan live in this county; F. W. Homan and three children, Dan, Roy and Elizabeth are of Colorado Springs, Colo.; Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Homan live at Webster City, Iowa, and Professor and Mrs. Thomas B. Homan make their home at Orient, Iowa. Eighty other guests, mostly relatives, were present to enjoy the day. Many congratulations were showered upon the aged bride and groom. They have been the makers of a happy home life and multitudes of friends will rejoice with them. A life of integrity on the part of parents and children is their crown in old age. One prominent feature of the occasion was two pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Homan, one taken fifty years ago, and one this year. A group picture of the company was taken by C. D. Tinsley, and will be a precious memento to those present. A splendid dinner was served to the assembled guests upon a handsome table which was the gift of their children to Mr. and Mrs. Homan. Many beautiful and useful presents were received and will be appreciated.

A notable feature of the occasion was the presence of three other couples who had celebrated their golden wedding. Uncle Lewis Homan, aged 89 years who also celebrated his golden wedding before the death of his wife, was present. A short program concluded the day's exercises. This was under the direction of Rev. Fletcher Homan, vice president of Simpson college, Indianola, Ia. Short addresses were made by Uncle Ed. Homan who celebrated his golden wedding last year; Uncle Lewis Homan, F. W. Homan, and response was made by Uncle Jesse and Aunt Bethe. It was a touching time and the guests, after singing a verse of "O Think of the Home Over There" and being led in a short prayer by Rev. Homan, departed feeling they had experienced a blessed day.

The condition of Harris Morris, who has been ill for several months with tuberculosis of the leg, is much worse and it is believed that he cannot live long. The disease first attacked him in the ankle and his foot was amputated just above the ankle. It was believed that this would kill the disease. He was brought home from the hospital several weeks ago. For a while he appeared to be better but Friday he was taken suddenly worse. The disease has now attacked the victim's brain and his physician says that he cannot live long. George Morris is here from Terre Haute and Clifford Morris is expected to arrive from Chicago today to be at the bedside of his brother.

Fresh Every Day

Indiana Strawberries
Home-made Potato Chips
Florida Pineapples
Home-Grown Vegetables
Fancy Layer Cakes
Maccaroons
Lady Fingers

And many other articles suitable for a "hurry up" meal.

ZEIS & CO.

Phone 67

GROCERS AND BAKERS

THE 68th COMMENCEMENT

(Continued From First Page.)

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Monday and Tuesday June 10 and 11 10:00 a. m. to 5 p. m. Exhibition of School of Art. Halls, Libraries and Laboratories open to visitors.

Monday, June 10.

9:30 a. m. Chapel Exercises in Meharry Hall.

3:00 p. m. Final Inter-Class Debate.

2:30 p. m. Annual meeting of the Joint Board of Trustees and visitors in Plato Hall.

3:00 p. m. Alumni-Varsity baseball game.

7:00 p. m. Annual Festival School of Music in Meharry Hall. An admission fee will be charged.

8:00 p. m. President's and Trustees' reception to the Senior Class at President's Residence.

Tuesday, June 11, Class and Alumni Day.

8:30 a. m. Chapel Exercises in Meharry Hall.

9:30 a. m. Class Day Exercises of the Senior Class in Meharry Hall.

11:00 a. m. Senior Farewell to the College Buildings.

1:30 p. m. Business meeting of the Society of the Alumni.

2:30 p. m. Ivy Ceremony.

3:00 p. m. Presentation of Senior Gift to the University.

4:00 p. m. Faculty-Senior baseball game.

5:00 p. m. Class Reunions.

8:00 p. m. Alumni Reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Silas A. Hays, Anderson street.

9:00 p. m. Student's reception and bonfire on the Campus.

Wednesday, June 12, Commencement Day.

10:00 a. m. Address before the Class of 1907 by the Hon. James E. Watson, Rushville, Ind.

Conferring of Degrees.

TOBACCO FORBIDDEN TO YOUNG

The Juvenile Law Contains Provisions for Punishing Minors Who Use the Weed.

A section of the "Juvenile Law" recently adopted, provides that all persons under the age of seventeen years may be punished in the juvenile court for using tobacco in any form, and especially cigarettes, the "makings," pipes, etc. The same law provides that any person either selling or giving to juveniles tobacco in any shape may be summoned to answer before the juvenile court, the punishment, upon conviction, being fine or imprisonment or both.

Judge Willis Brown, the noted presiding officer of the juvenile court at St. Lake City in a lecture delivered at the school auditorium, depicted in the spirit of the law the use of tobacco in any form among the juveniles that the attention of the authorities was called to the matter.

Directions have been made to the police authorities to notify the dealers of that city that they must cease selling to any persons under 17 years old or they will feel the rigors of the law. The matter is now in the hands of Probation Officer Joseph Kraft and hereafter juveniles indulging in the practice of using tobacco, and any person selling or giving them cigarettes, pipes, tobacco, either chewing or smoking or the cigarette makings may expect to be detected and required to answer before Judge Utz in the Juvenile Court.

CHILDREN'S DAY CONCERT

A Most Enjoyable Musical Treat Sunday Night at College Avenue.

The Sunday at the College Avenue Church was full of interest and activity. The morning service was a special program of music and a special sermon by Dr. Hoagland to young people. At 7:30 p. m. another great audience was present to enjoy the Children's Day Concert. The program as published in the Bulletin of the church was carried out to the great delight of all the people. The service was directed by Dr. Blanchard, who made a brief address. The numbers were all musical and the children never sang so beautifully or looked sweeter. Miss Potter presided at the organ, Miss Keifer at the piano and Ross Baker directed the orchestra. Mr. Onley directed the chorus assisted by Prof. and Mrs. Maxwell, Mrs. Weaver, Mrs. Hays, Miss John and others. Miss Matern, Miss Wales and Jay Carpenter assisted in the program. The church was beautifully decorated and the day was one of the most successful in the history of the church.

Instead of going to work and behaving himself as he promised the Mayor he would, when released on a partial payment of his fine assessed this morning for profanity, Harry Wilson, a tailor, went to a saloon and buying a quantity of beer went to his room at the Sims Hotel. Soon he became so troublesome at the hotel that he was given the "23" order. The police heard of his actions and at once began a search for him. Wilson was clever enough, however, to steer clear of the officers of the law. He took the back streets to the Monon depot and last seen of him there was when he mounted the pilot of a north going freight train bound for Crawfordsville, which town he claims as a home. Wilson worked here for Sandy & McAuley.

Female Help Wanted—At the New Belnap

Female Help Wanted—At the New Belnap

WILLIAMS & DUNCAN

Sanitary Plumbing
Hot Water, Steam and Gas Fitting,
Electric Wiring and Fixtures
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Phone 650 No. 10 N. Indiana St.

The VAUDETTE

Complete Change To-night

Pictures (The Betrothed's Nightmare

Trapped by Pinkertons (detectives)

MARCH SONG: "A Little Boy called 'Taps'"

High Class. Strictly Moral. Ladies Especially Invited.

3 PERFORMANCES 3

The Greencastle Herald

Published every evening except Sunday by The Star and Democrat Publishing Company at 17 and 19 South Jackson Street, Greencastle, Ind.

FRANCIS C. TILDEN, CHARLES J. ARNOLD, Editors.

Terms of Subscription

One Year, strictly in advance, \$3.00 By Carrier in City per week 6 cents advertising rates upon application.

Entered as second class mail matter to the Greencastle, Indiana, Postoffice.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.

The high school and its teachers are to be congratulated on the showing made by the class speakers at Friday's commencement exercises.

They are to be congratulated because the addresses, though amateurish in thought and treatment, as was to be expected, yet showed a sanity and grasp of fact quite unusual in such addresses. Especially is the teacher of English to be congratulated. Last night's speakers were unusually free from the faults so common, so hard to overcome. There was little of bombast, hackneyed expression, the mere flowers of language. The composition was, in most cases, clear, forceful, devoid of decoration for its own sake, and, for such youthful speakers, possessed of a certain dignity. The same thing might be said of the delivery. The speakers seemed to realize that their business was to make the audience understand, not to pose as living pictures or to indulge in darselt. There was, therefore, little of meaningless gesture and false attitude. The hearer was also struck by the knowledge of the real and essential things of literature shown. This was not mere cramming of parallel passages and committing of facts. It was a knowledge of the relation of literature to modern life, a conception of its power to mould and to produce. The citizens of Greencastle are to be congratulated on a school where so much of sanity and actual power is to be found.

The latest on Fairbanks, as aired by the Indianapolis Sun, is that the Vice-President is in the habit of having officials do the work round his private house in Washington, and charging it up to the government. If the observation of Ray Stannard Baker is correct, Mr. Fairbanks is not the only man in official life at Washington that makes the government pay his living expenses, at least in part. It is reported that one senator, not long since, tried to send a cow by mail on his postoffice frank. The fact is doubtful, but there is no doubt that cheek to make the demand is present in many a senator.

Already the pessimistic are beginning to look for a panic. They say that the cold spring means short crops; short crops mean hard times, and hard times in these days of expansion and graft mean a panic and failure.

BRIDGES

The Practical Hatter

Old Hats made new

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Our Fares Are Cash

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'BUS, TRANSFER, CAB

If you cannot pay, please do not ride.

Phone 50 KOHLS & GILL.

Visiting Cards—Finest Engraving.

100 cards, script style, and new plate, \$1.50; 100 cards, from your own plate, \$1.00. Star and Democrat Office.

The Herald will be on sale each evening at Langdon's Book Store and Badger & Green's Drug Store.

The Best

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Greencastle, Ind.

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PURE ICE

Manufactured

We are prepared to serve our patrons with a good quality of manufactured ice every day.

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A Tender Steak

Askes the most delicious meal in the world, and the place to get it is

Haspel's Meat Market.

Our Meat Market has a well established and enviable reputation for cleanliness, the good quality of its meats and for square dealing.

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